

Slider Ranma, prologue

by Kuraiko Kurohoshi

Category: X-overs
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-04-19 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-04-19 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 14:56:30
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,071
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A chance meeting gives a new opportunity for Ranma...
(Ranma/Sliders)

Slider Ranma, prologue

Notes : This fic starts six months after the end of the manga. Meaning the characters are a little more grown up, especially Ranma, and there are a few things that happened in-between that you'll find out as the fic goes on. C&C is greatly appreciated and can be sent at ranma_666@hotmail.com or ICQ# 45118495, and flames can be sent at someone@who-cares.com.

Disclaimer

Ranma is not mine. Sliders is not mine.

" " spoken ' ' thought

Slider Ranma

Prologue

In the small vacant lot not too far from the dojo, Ranma was enjoying what little spare time he had alone. It was a rare feat to be alone for him, and to be seen with a genuine happy smile, but sometimes he just had to sneak out of the weirdness that seemed to revolve around him.

Out of nowhere, a blue vortex appeared. Ranma sat, curious, but not too surprised. Stranger things had happened. Four people came out of it, one after the other, slamming on the ground, all groaning. Three

men, one woman, all Japanese, looking around 25 years of age.

The smartest looking one was holding a remote of some sort and punching buttons. He looked at the others with a smile. "Guys, I think this is it. We're home." The three others hugged each other. Ranma jumped from his perch in the tree and stood next to the man with the remote. "Hey, who are you guys?" He received blank looks.

"Eh... I'm Yoshi, this is Ken, this is Daisuke and that's Shori. We're... emm... travelers." Ranma nodded slowly.

"Yeah, I saw you. Travelers from where? Or maybe when? Or maybe both?" he asked, hand on chin. Shori put a slender hand on Yoshi's arm. "Yoshi dear, are you sure we're in the right dimension?"

The man pushed buttons again on his remote. "Yeah, the numbers are right. This is the right place."

Ranma nodded. "Don't be bothered by me. I've led a weird life. I guess now I've seen all kinds of travelers." He shrugged. "What's the others dimensions like?"

"Just like this one, except the 'what ifs' did happen. And sometimes, they're millions of years old." Yoshi slapped Ken on the shoulder. "It's not that simple, man." He turned to Ranma. "You see, it's like this, --" Ranma raised a hand to stop him.

"I get it. Either the dinosaurs didn't go extinct, or aliens invaded the earth, or somebody got the big career break they always wanted, or you asked this girl out instead of that one. Things like that, right? That's not really weird. Can I try?"

"Not weird?" Daisuke said. "Not weird?" he repeated, voice getting loud. "Not weird?!?" he shouted, this time shaking Ranma by his shirt. "You haven't seen it, pal!!! It's inhuman, I tell you! Inhuman!!"

Ranma calmly disentangled his shirt from the nervous man's grasp. "Could it be weirder than a guy who turns into a girl with cold water, has four fiancées, blew up a mountain fighting a guy with wings in his back and returned to life, all the while fighting off about twenty guys out to kill him? I don't think so. So I ask you again. Can I try?"

Yoshi looked at his remote, at Ranma, at the others, and at Ranma again. "Well, I don't think I want to go back. If you want it, you can have it, but you need a few explanations." He got near Ranma and showed him the remote nearer.

"This is the timer. It counts down to the next time you can do the portal. If you miss it, it's 29.4 years to the next. You have to press here. If you let it, it gets to a random universe. If you enter a series of numbers in this screen, you can select your universe of destination. Okay?" Ranma nodded.

Yoshi took a pen from his pocket and wrote a very long string of numbers on the back of the remote. "That's this dimension's number. Don't lose it, or you'll never come back here without someone who knows how to slide."

Ranma nodded, accepting completely what was said. It was the only way for him to remember something scientific. "Also, don't lose or damage the timer." Yoshi added, hitting the remote with a finger.

Ranma took the timer and looked at it. "Is there a place in the frame where I could make a hole? I'd pass a cord so I could hang it around my neck." The four looked at each other. "Why didn't we think of that?" "Yeah, it would've saved us a lot of trouble." "Guys, let's stop worrying about that. We're home, and it's his problem now." The three men nodded. "Good luck, man. You'll need it." Ranma shook his head. "When you're a martial artist, luck has nothing to do with it."

"Yeah, well, you'll still need it. By the way, the timer is as compact as it can be. No places for holes. And remember, this trip *can* be one way. Think about what you're leaving behind." With that, they all left towards downtown Tokyo. Ranma looked at the timer while walking back to the dojo.

'A change would do me good, but... leaving everyone... .. Then again, they won't be able to pursue me...' He smiled slightly at this thought. Maybe a change of pace would be good for him. And, as his father would put it, make him appreciate what he had.

'Ah, why not? I can come back whenever I want. I'll just tell them I'm going on a training trip, alone. If they push anyone on me, I'll lose them with this.' He slowly shook the timer. 'I'll do it. Besides, I might meet someone who can teach me a thing or two. And it'll really be training, on my social skills.' He smiled. 'Meeting myself might be fun, too.'

He looked at the time. He had about ten hours, plenty of time to get ready tomorrow morning. He sighed and decided to get a good night's sleep.

But sleep didn't want to come. Ranma was too 'giddy' about a trip to the unknown to rest. As quietly as possible, he put the last things to complete his always-ready backpack, placed his lucky shirt on his desk, covering the timer, and got downstairs for a snack.

Every once in awhile, his insomnia could be cured by filling his stomach. Except this time, he was having butterflies. "I can't believe it!" he whispered to himself harshly. "Ranma!" He knocked his head. "Get a grip! Nothing makes you nervous! Nothing!"

Upstairs, in her room, Nabiki listened incredulously, pressing one side of her earphones to her head. She had never seen, or rather heard, Ranma act that way. Something was happening.

Hearing only Ranma-vacuum (TM) downstairs, she listed possibilities. Ranma is choosing one girl. Near impossible. Ranma is running away. Infinitesimal chance. Ranma is going on a training trip, alone. Possible, but not something that would make him so jumpy.

Whatever it was, it was going down soon. She would follow him tomorrow, the entire day if need be. Her movement alarm flashed, putting Ranma on his way up. She quickly closed her equipment and went to bed.

She fell asleep a second before Ranma put his foot on the second floor. Her ability to fall asleep whenever wherever was something she took pride in. Feigning sleep was something too dangerous sometimes, for discovery was worse than humiliation.

Genma woke up, as usual, way before the sun, thus five minutes before his son. He quickly brushed his outfit, did a few stretches to warm up and a few sit-ups to put on a little sweat. His masquerade now on, he could wake up Ranma yelling he was awake for a good hour.

Except when he turned to face the boy, he was already sitting, arms crossed and eyes showing no more than slivers. "Eh eh, son, it's time for practice. You still have much to do before besting me."

Ranma nodded in a way only Nabiki would know he was mocking his old man, and rose. 'If I can prove just how worthless he is as a teacher,' he thought, 'he won't object too much to my training trip.'

And so, for the first time since the big China incident six months ago, Ranma prepared himself to give it all. Before Genma jumped outside, Ranma helped him, pushing him outside in mid-flight. Once a good ten feet from the house, just as Genma began to get a grip on his son, he suddenly changed directions at a sharp angle, slamming in the ground, with a rock right in his middle back.

He barely groaned before Ranma too turned a sharp angle in the air, foot colliding right over where the rock was. Genma was sure he felt a few ribs crack at that one. Before he could recover, he was very hard-kicked into the pond.

Finally getting his second breath, even if he was in panda form, he jumped out, only to see Ranma twenty feet away one moment, and in his face the next, doing a two-punch combo in the stomach followed by a roundhouse that went right through his best defense, knocking him out faster than Ranma had moved.

Ranma took one deep breath, steadied himself, and retrieved his father from the wall. After dumping him in plain view in the courtyard, he went upstairs, and checked the timer. Two hours. One until breakfast, and forty minutes after that. He slipped in his usual black pants and carefully put on his lucky red shirt. He hid the timer inside, patted the spot, making sure it didn't stand out, and sighed.

Through controlled breathing, Ranma opened all of his senses, and set out to do one last tour of the house and dojo. Very quietly, eyes closed, he walked around the house, taking in all the sounds; Akane snoring, Nabiki breathing lightly, Kasumi getting up, barely a whisper, the house settling, wood cracking here and there, Soun Tendo talking in his sleep, of a future Ranma would shake his head to, taking in all the smells; the newly accumulated dust, the smell of cleanliness from the kitchen, the bubbles from the bathroom, and, as the birds sang outside and the sun slowly got up, Ranma was truly at home, truly at peace with his outstanding life and typical weirdness.

As he sat there, on the rock near the pond, Ranma withdrew himself

from the world, this time exploring mentally the places he could not visit before his trip. His best friend's restaurant, okonomiyakis tasting better than they smelled while cooking. The usual ramen chinese-style softly boiling while a few spices were added, sometimes magical, sometimes not. The school, a very used fighting spot, and home to more than a few awkward moments. He triggered all his memories, of his home, of his district, making it very precise in his mind. When he came back, he would know instinctively he was home.

Nabiki saw all of this; so did a small purple cat. The cat only put it in Ranma's calm side. After all, everyone needs a little calmness once in a while. The cat purred lightly and ran back home, getting ready for her daily morning glomp. The other girl, however, didn't dismiss it so easily. Combined with the night's events, she was now sure Ranma was going away on a training trip. It just seemed, however, that he wasn't coming back. Nabiki didn't understand completely her instincts, but she trusted them fully.

She returned to her room and wrote herself a sick note. The school would know it was fake, but they would never *dream* of contesting it. She put a pair of long jeans and a blue sky shirt under her school dress, and instead of books put in her school bag camera, a few roll of films, her laptop and a few other musts for a decent stalking expedition. Ranma was planning something, and something was telling her he wasn't going too far. Nabiki opened her secret drawer and took a few wads of bills, just to be sure. On a whim, she took a little more.

A gentle, soothing voice came from downstairs, and Nabiki quickly tied her runningshoes before going down for breakfast. Akane was silent, probably because of something Ranma said, while he was silent too.

She noted Genma was still unconscious outside, and her father looked pretty upset about it. After a delicious breakfast, Ranma got up solemnly and looked at Soun. "Mr. Tendo, my father has finally proved to be useless in my training. I'm going on a training trip on my own for a little while."

To the surprise of everyone, Soun merely nodded. "Of course. Would you consider taking my daughter with you?"

"Dad!" an outraged Akane replied, but she was dismissed.

"Mr. Tendo, it's important that I go alone. Besides, I believe my father is now free of any students. I volunteer Akane as a student."

"Hey!!" once again, but she was listened to as much as the previous time.

"Very well. You have my blessing, as long as you come back."

"I promise I will." Ranma bowed to Soun, and went upstairs to get his pack.

He reached the outside door with Akane, who looked at him full of hope and sadness. "You're really going, aren't you?"

He nodded. "I have to go. To get away from everything here. When I get back, maybe I'll stop dragging all of you girls around." At that, Akane pulled back and crossed her arms.

"Why don't you just go ahead and run to one of your other fiancées." He smiled, but shook his head.

"Because I have conflicting feelings, and I don't know what love is." She blinked, as well as the eavesdropping Nabiki. For Ranma to be philosophical, or as close as he could get, something big had to be about to happen.

"And," he added thoughtfully, "just in case you don't believe you have as much chances as the others..." he trailed off, but didn't have to continue. They locked eyes, and with a hand on her cheek guided her head to meet his in a sweet kiss. Neither heard the camera click from inside the house.

After a moment Ranma broke the kiss. He felt happy, relieved, heart light for finally it had happened. Akane was torn between Heaven and Hell. Ranma was finally showing some feelings, and he was going away. "Ranma, can't I go with you?" He shook his head. "Bye." he said after a tender moment, and walked away in a different direction than the school. Akane sighed, looked at the sky, mouthed 'Why?' and walked to school, almost sulking.

Nabiki wasn't sulking, however. She was almost jumping of joy. She had just gotten the photo of the year. She followed Ranma as soon as Akane was out of sight. After awhile, she quickly entered an alley and dumped her school dress. She continued her stalking, slinging her school bag on her shoulders Ranma style. Five minutes later, Ranma got to the vacant lot, and leaned against the single tree. He sighed loudly.

The sky so blue, the air somewhat pure, and Akane's lips still fresh on his own, Ranma smiled and looked at the timer. Twenty-five minutes. Even with taking his time, he still had to wait. "Damn," he mused to himself, "I didn't think it would be so hard to leave her behind."

Nabiki, behind her wall, smiled. Ranma was waiting for something -- or some*one*. There was still somewhat of a crowd on the streets, so she got a little money out and bought herself a magazine. She leaned on the wall and pretended to read it.

Time passed, ever so boring, and finally the timer reached for the home stretch. As it hit the zero mark, Ranma pointed it at nowhere and pressed the button. Two electrical arcs came out of the end and joined to form a blue portal, opening to places unknown. Ranma put the timer back in his shirt, steadied himself, and jumped in.

Nabiki's eyes were the size of plates as she saw Ranma jump and disappear in a vortex. She wasn't much into science, but she was sure it was very hi-tech, and leading not quite here. Out of curiosity, she slowly approached it. There was a slight wind leading in, but nothing dangerous.

As much as curiosity killed the cat, she had to touch it. A slender hand reached in, and touched the blue something. She felt energy

crackle through her finger, a wonderful feeling, and reached somewhat deeper. It was only when her hand began to enter that she felt the pull. She tried to remove her hand, but too late. Nabiki was sucked in just as the vortex closed, with a loud yell of "Damn!!!!"

In Ranma's home dimension, in a not-too-much frequented hotel, four weary travelers woke up in a familiar yet constantly different large suite. Yoshi held his aching head up as he surveyed the others, also with headaches. "What happened? Huh, who has the timer?"

One by one, they all got up and began searching first themselves, then the room. "Damn," Daisuke said, "those pills hit hard. I hope we don't ever go to a world like that again. I totally freaked out, man. I could *swear* I just saw an anime character."

The two guys snickered, but Shori's eyes went wide. "Eh, guys, we have a problem." Three pair of disbelieving eyes turned towards the girl. "What now," asked Ken, "you're having your period again?" Shori got up, went to him, and slapped him, hard. "No. Daisuke's right. We did meet an anime character." The guys blinked. Shori started screaming. "We gave the timer to RANMA SAOTOME!!!!!"

End Prologue

End
file.